Savin' Hill

Street Dogs

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Savin Hill my starting point
Down the beach with a few beers
Didn't know what life had in for us
Starting out at St. MargaretsUp there on that lonely hill
I got my start in 1970
Moved on down to Motley school
Down to St. Willies from thereThe catholic golden rule got hooks in me
Sister Robad, Ms. Coughlin
The teachers and their authority
I put my fists up to them at every turnSavin Hill, it was my start
Beginning of a lifetime
I still remember those days clearly
Cannot forget my roots or when it really started
Savin Hill down by the beachGrades on to eight were nuts
Hi-jinx, stunts and pranks pulled out
Me and my cousin Bill, the terrible two
Danny, Joey, Robby, John, Saxon and Victoria
Many a long neck bottle cracked down thereSavin Hill, it was my start
From the courts back to the park
The weekend time seemed so damn free
If you had my back, I took yours, our obligatory creed
Savin Hill down by the beachDo you remember the tennis courts
The bungalow or Harpo's bench?
Do you remember jumping that bridge
The risks we took and our chances?
GoThe later years brought on alcohol nights
Coupled with petty arguments and barroom fights
We never broke apart and we stood our ground
If a cohort was lost he was foundIf things got hot, Dorchester stayed cool
No other townies came toward us fools
Savin Hill down by the beach
It's these memories I'll go preach

Savin Hill is where it all began

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